did disdaine my childe, and stoode betwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th' warting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues dlight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behnide,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes* whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high state.

well

Well saying ships, and boun
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke
So with his sterage, shall you
To fetch his daughter home,
Like moats and shadowes, s
Your eares vnto your eyes ll

Enter Pericles at one doore, w
at the other. Cleon shewes
makes lamention, puts on sa
parts.

Gower. See how beleefe m
This borrowed passion stands
And *Pericles* in sorrow all de
With sighes shot through, and
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe in
Neuet to wash his face, nor c
He put on sackcloth and to sea
A tempest which his mortall
And yet he rides it out, Now
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, v

The fairest, sweetest, and best l
Who withered in her spring of y
She was of Tirus the Kings D
On whom foule death hade ma
Marina was she call'd, and at
That is being proud, swallowed
Therefore the earth fearing to
Hath Thetis birth-childe on t
Wherefore she does and sweares
Make raging Battrie vpon sh

No vizor does become black
So well as soft and tender flatt
let *Pericles* beleeue his daught
And beare his courses to be o